

# BUSY LITTLE BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

EVERY week brings letters to the Busy Bee editor asking what the boys and girls must do to become Busy Bees. Just write an original story and mail it to the Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb. That is all. The Rules for Young Writers, which appear on this page, explain all the rules governing the page, and the editor hopes every boy and girl will read them carefully and follow them carefully, also, when writing the stories.

The Busy Bees are divided into two bands, the "Red," of which the king bee is captain, and the "Blue," of which the queen bee is captain. The words "Red" and "Blue," which appear over the stories, simply indicate on which side the writer wishes his story counted, and at the end of the reign of each king and queen the prize stories are counted to see which side has written the most. Everyone must be very careful to remember that only original stories will be printed on our page—that is, stories that have been written by the boys and girls who send them in. Every story should be marked "Original" that the editor may be sure it is not copied, and the writers should be careful to mark their stories "Red" or "Blue."

The first prize this week goes to Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., aged 13, on the Blue side, and the second prize to Alice Grassmeyer of Kearney, aged 14 on the Red side. Adah Hendry of Kearney, aged 12, on the Blue side, receives honorable mention.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to anyone whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Jean De Long, Answorth, Neb.  
Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.  
Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb.  
Mabel Wirt, Bennington, Neb.  
Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.  
Vera Cheney, Creston, Neb.  
Louis Hahn, David City, Neb.  
Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb.  
Ray Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.  
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.  
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.  
Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Lydia Roth, 606 West Keonig street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Ella Voss, 67 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.  
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.  
Edythe Kretz, Lexington, Neb.  
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.  
Alice Grassmeyer, 1548 C street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Elsie Hamilton, 2028 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Irene Disher, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.  
Fuglie Fisher, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.  
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.  
Milton Seiler, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Lucile Hahn, Nebraska City, Neb.  
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.  
Emma M. Ward, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.  
Mildred P. Jones, North Loup, Neb.  
Hugh Rutledge, North Loup, Neb.  
Hester E. Rutt, Lashara, Neb.  
Lillian Wirt, 418 Cass street, Omaha, Neb.  
Meyer Cobb, 546 Georgia avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Ada Morris, 244 Franklin street, Omaha, Neb.  
Myrtle Jensen, 2009 14th street, Omaha, Neb.  
Gail Howard, 422 Capitol avenue, Omaha, Neb.  
Helen Heuck, 1633 Leavenworth street, Omaha, Neb.  
Mildred Jensen, 507 Leavenworth street, Omaha, Neb.  
Pauline Schulte, 212 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.

## Lucy and the Bear

By Maud Walker.

"WELL, dearie, hurry up, for we're off in ten minutes. Our train leaves in about half an hour, and we've a ten-minute ride to the station." It was Mrs. Hearne who spoke to her little daughter Lucy. They were going to the city—about fifteen miles distant from their little town—to spend the day with Mrs. Hearne's sister, Mrs. Brown, who lived there. And Mrs. Brown's son Ned, a 15-year-old lad, had promised Lucy a great time.

"All right, Mamma," cried Lucy, running upstairs to get her little wrist bag which she had forgotten to bring down with her. "I'll be ready in less time than it takes to count fifty." So saying the little girl was off like a flash and back into the sitting room again before her mother had quite finished with locking up the doors and securing the windows. "Papa and brother will have luncheon and dinner at grandmamma's," explained Mrs. Hearne. "And now, dearie, we're off."

The ride to the station was a delightful one, and Lucy was just as happy as she could be making plans for the day in the great bustling city where she did not get to go very often during the term of school. But as this was Saturday, and Mrs. Hearne had not paid her sister a visit for some time, she had decided to go while the weather was fine and give Lucy the pleasure of a visit to the Zoo.

Mrs. Brown and Ned were at the station to meet Mrs. Hearne and Lucy. Ned taking care of the hand luggage and of Lucy. "Here," he said laughingly to his little "country cousin," as she teasingly called Lucy, "I'll have to keep an eye on you or you'll be taken up for a wild girl."

Lucy was much amused at her big cousin Ned's jokes and retaliated as best she could, but being only 9 years old she could not hope to "hold her own" with such a wisecracker as Ned.

After luncheon Ned took Lucy to the Zoo, while their mothers went shopping. The Zoo was about a mile from the city limits and was a very complete one, acres and acres being covered by animal houses, cages and pens. Lucy had visited the Zoo once when she was a little tot of 5 years, but had not been there since. So the visit held much interest for her. Long she and her cousin Ned remained in front of the monkey house, Lucy laughing and laughing till her sides ached at the funny antics of the queer little animals.

Then they visited the lions, the tigers,



"WHAT A FUNNY DOG!" SHE EXCLAIMED, SMILING AND HOLDING OUT THE CAKE.

## Three Little "Wild West" Children



THESE LITTLE FOLKS WERE AT THE OMAHA CARNIVAL.



## RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.
6. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, OMAHA BEE.

## Hildagarde's "Mad List"

By Ruth Ashby, Age 13, Fairbury, Neb.

"Hildagarde, why don't you go over and see Vanda?"  
"I can't, Aunt Helen; I'm mad at her."  
"What's angry at Vanda?" I thought it was Betty and Gwendolyn."  
"So it was yesterday, but it's Vanda now."  
"Dear me, Hildagarde, how many of the girls have you been mad at in the last fortnight?"  
"Let me see: Betty, Betty, Gwendolyn, Genevieve, Dorothy, Francis, Evelyn, Anita and Harvey, and—why, Aunt Helen, I've been mad at every one of the girls of my size except Katherine, and I don't like her."  
"Now, dearie," said Aunt Helen "sup-

pose you keep a 'mad list.' That is, each girl you get angry at put her name down on paper and on Friday hand it to me."

"That's a fine idea, Aunt Helen. Thanks for thinking of it," cried Hildagarde. The next week when the "mad list" was handed in it had four names and a week later only one.

"I really couldn't help that, Auntie, for it was only Katherine," explained Hildagarde.

"Only Katherine, dear, but please remember Katherine has no mother and, being an only child, is used to having her own way. Her mother was my dearest friend," said Aunt Helen.

"Oh, auntie, you never told me that!" The next Friday evening there was no "mad list" at all.

On Saturday afternoon the door opened and in walked all the girls, even Katherine. They had come on Aunt Helen's invitation to surprise her.

"Oh, Aunt Helen! I really love Katherine almost as well as Beverly and Vanda," said Hildagarde that evening.

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the afternoon I saw clouds gathering. One cloud in particular took on a kind of funnel shape. I went on with my work, not heeding the clouds as I ought to have done. I was in the barn and happened to look out in time to see that funnel cloud coming at a furious pace, tearing things as it went. I ran for the cave, but it was too far away; so I just put my arms around a big apple tree in the yard and waited for the worst to come.

"Boards and bricks, pails and straw flew in all directions. I held on for dear life. It tore things up pretty badly. The house and barn were slightly damaged and the rest of the buildings were torn to pieces. The wind blew for an age, it seemed to; then it gave a stronger gust of wind than ever and went merrily on its way. Then it began to rain. I released my hold and ran into the house to get out of the rain and hail. It stopped storming and the folks soon got home. I'll never forget how hot and cold chills worked together that day, and I shall always love that old apple tree.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**Bill's Morals**  
Adah Hendry, Age 12, Kearney, Neb.

School had begun, and two boys, Tom and Bill, had started. "We're early, Tom, come let's play hooky. It will be lots of fun," said Bill. But Tom shook his head.

"Mother had said, 'Thomas be a good boy and mind thy father.' Tom's mother was dead and he lived with his aunt and father, who were very poor. Bill's father was a banker and was very rich. "Bill, you can go if you wish, but I want my schooling," said Tom. If you don't you will be mamma's baby," replied Bill. "I would rather be mamma's baby than anyone else," said Tom. Off went Bill and Tom again started for school. He played foot ball a while and school called. "Where is William?" (Bill's real name) asked Miss Hueston. Now he honest. It won't be talking. Thomas. His mother said he went to school with you. "He did," said Tom, "but he left me and said he was going to play hooky." Just then the door opened and in walked Bill.

"Your courage failed you, did it, William?" said the teacher. Bill didn't raise his head. And Miss Hueston said: "Let this be our motto, 'I would rather be'

proaching the spot where Lucy sat almost petrified at his words. "A bear—a bear!" And she drew in her breath quickly. "Oh, I thought he was a dog!" But she sat perfectly quiet, holding the cake to the bear's mouth. And he, the hungry fellow, acting as though he were entirely oblivious to the fact that his keepers were advancing upon him, sat on his haunches and nibbled away.

In another minute a muzzle covered the funny long nose of young Mr. Bear, and much to his discomfort he was obliged to stop eating cake. Then he was led away. Lucy walking quietly beside him, for she felt no fear of the funny fellow who had come to bring her assistance in the woods.

The rough man told Lucy that she was half a mile distant from the pavilion and that she had taken the turn, which led from the zoo grounds into the wild woods, right at the base of the hill where the bears were kept. "And this fellow got out last night," they told Lucy, "and we've been hunting him all this day. Oh! he's not a pet by any means, but he don't seem very hostile to you, young Miss."

"That's because I'm not afraid of him, and fed him some cakes," laughed Lucy. "Though, if I'd known he was really and surely a bear I'd have run and climbed a tree."

Lucy found Ned all right. He was loitering round the pavilion, on the watch for his strayed or stolen cousin, and you should have seen his eyes stick out when he heard of Lucy's experience. "We'll go to the bears' caves now and I'll point him out to you—my friend who rescued me in the woods," said Lucy. And straightaway she and Ned went to see the bears, and there, just being led into his pen, was the young Bruno, who had eaten cake there! Go round to the right. Well, I never seen the likes of that before!"

In another minute half a dozen men had surrounded the spot where Lucy sat on the bank feeding cake to the animal. Slowly they closed in on the two—the child and her four-footed companion. "Set still, there, kidie, an' keep feedin' that bear. He'll not hurt you—satin' that he's eatin' out of your hand." The speaker was one of the burly men, and he was slowly ap-

proaching the spot where Lucy sat almost petrified at his words. "A bear—a bear!" And she drew in her breath quickly. "Oh, I thought he was a dog!" But she sat perfectly quiet, holding the cake to the bear's mouth. And he, the hungry fellow, acting as though he were entirely oblivious to the fact that his keepers were advancing upon him, sat on his haunches and nibbled away.

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## Autumn-Leaf Cushion

**A** PRETTY sofa cushion may be made in the following way: Take a square of dark green linen, the size you wish the cushion; cut out leaves of yellow, light green, brown, orange, red, and bright orange linen; baste them on in a border design, making a cluster of them in one corner, from which a vine of them issues, to encircle the square. After they have all been basted in place take bright and dark green silk and button-hole them about the edges, chain-stitching in the light leaves with the same colors. On light green leaves use the dark green floss, and vice versa. If more of a variety of colors is desired, some of the brown leaves may be outlined with bright red silk instead of green. The colors make a pretty combination, and the cushion cover will be both serviceable and durable, not soiling easily like more dainty pillow tops of silk or light-colored stuffs. The bottom cover



may be of bright red canvas or heavy twilled cotton. A mixed brown and red or green cord may be put about the edge to form a neat and effective finish.

mother's baby than be led into evil by others." "I will try to mind it, Miss Hurlston," said Bill. Remember, boys and girls, it is not only the rich that are good nor the poor that are bad.

## A Disobedient Girl

By Mildred Jensen, Aged 9 Years, Sixtieth and Center Streets, Omaha, Blue.

Once there was a little girl that asked her mamma if she could go out and play. Her mamma said yes, but she shouldn't go out of the yard. So she went outside and never thought of what her mother had said, and went out of the gate and walked down the road into a field to pick flowers. She kept on walking and picking until she got tired and layed herself down under a shady tree and went to sleep.

As her mother missed her she went outside and called and called, but no one answered. Little Pearl's mamma was so nervous that she didn't know what she was doing. She telephoned all over, but no one had seen her. She said to herself, "maybe she went down into the pasture." She went down into the pasture and looked all around but couldn't see her little girl. She went a little further and saw something white down by a tree. She went down to the tree and there she found her little girl lying asleep.

She had a big bunch of flowers of all kinds. Her mother called her, but she didn't answer. Her mother picked her up and carried her home and as she got home the little girl awoke. Her mother asked her why she went down by the pasture. Little Pearl said she wanted to pick a nice bunch of flowers for her mamma, but said she would never be a disobedient girl again.

## When John Ran Away

By Louise Stiles, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

John Meredith was lazy. There was no doubt about that. If he had to pick beans or peas he would fill the bottom of the basket with leaves and heap the finest he could find on top. If he was left to hoe the garden he always ran away and went fishing or swimming. Consequently when his father made him finish his work when he returned, and more besides, he thought it pretty hard lines. One Monday, when he had been told to hoe the garden, he did the usual thing and went fishing. When he returned his father made him finish hoeing and sent him to bed supperless. After he was in bed a quick plan formed itself in his mind. He would run away.

Every one was in bed he quietly dressed and stole down stairs. He put a lunch up in a basket and left the house and town behind. He walked up the railroad track for about three miles, then feeling very tired and hungry, he left the track and entered a deserted shed near by, which had once been used for horses, but had long been vacant of any living creature except rats and mice. Here he ate a lunch, then he lay down, intending to sleep for a few hours. He must have slept longer than he intended, for when he awoke the sun was shining brightly and while he was still half asleep a train whizzed by that he knew to enter Dinard at 7 a. m. He sprang up and started to leave the shed, when he heard voices and crept behind a pile of straw in one corner. The voices were those of two tramps, who entered the shed and sat down near where John was hiding. "Yes," one was saying, "if we can get hold of that little Meredith girl her father will pay much money to get her back."

After planning to coax 3-year-old Helen to go for a walk with them that night, and not to bring her back, but hold her for ransom, they left the shed. As soon as John thought prudent he also left the shed and hurried home. His father was just leaving for town at 7 a. m. and as he and his wife both thought John still in bed he was very much surprised to see him come panting up, trying to tell something about tramps and Helen. That evening the tramps strolled by and called to Helen, who was playing in the yard with no one but her dog. "Come here, just as they spoke two policemen seized them from behind and hurried them off to the county jail. I do not know what became of the tramps, but I do know that now John is always willing to work.

By Alice Temple, Aged 10 Years, Lexington, Neb. Blue.

Bessie Wallace ran in the house and asked her mother if she could not go over to her friend Helen's house to play, and take her pony with her. Mamma said yes, so off she started.

On her way she had to go through a

thick forest, and as she was about half way a man sprang from behind a bush and took hold of the pony's bridle. He then asked her if there was a girl who had been found by the name of Bessie Wallace, in their camp. Bessie looked up and said, "I am she." But the man said, "Bessie had white skin, golden hair, and deep blue eyes, but you certainly have eyes like hers."

Then Bessie told him all and to her surprise she found this man was her father who had looked for her over five years. They had discovered the pony and the man and he had concealed all, and as added also that he had told Bessie's mother that time because he knew that those gypsies would pass in a few minutes. Train Wallace took her home, where she lived happily.

Cecile's Trip to Fairyland  
By Mabel Neumayer, Aged 11 Years, 222 North Wheeler, Grand Island, Blue.

Cecile had been a good girl all day and when she got in bed she fell asleep and dreamed that a kind fairy came and took her to fairy land. First they went through a long fall, which was under ground, and then she went into a large room where a large number of fairies stood. Next, into a room where the queen sat in a beautiful chair, adorned with rubies, pearls and diamonds. The fairy queen said, "Cecile, since you have been a good girl I am going to give you three wishes. What do you wish first?"

"I wish that I could be kind and true to every one, and next to obey mamma and papa, and next to be a good girl everywhere," replied Cecile.

"Such good wishes," cried the queen, "and all are granted. Come on to our ball we have a dance every evening. You may dance with me if you wish." Cecile went to the ball and all of a sudden she was in her nice cozy little bed, with her mother calling her for school.

At Evening.  
"I think it's nice to sit up till 9 o'clock each night. And get tomorrow's lessons by the lamp and firelight."

"To see my mother sewing. And near her father dear. Reading the evening paper. So that only she may hear."

"And 'cross the table from me. My brothers, Tom and Jim. Delving into figures. With energy and vim."

"And on the rug so comfy. Old Tabby cat, asleep. Now and then purring. Or taking a sleepy peep."

"Oh, it is just so lovely. This home of mine, you see. Where round the fire each evening. We gather after tea."

ANNIE JAMES.

## Prattle of the Youngsters

Little Joe (to western uncle)—Uncle Charlie, are you a cowboy?  
Uncle Charlie—That's what I am.  
Little Joe—Well, where are your horns?

Small Harold noticed that a stylish young man who was calling on his sister wore shoes that tapered to a point. "Say," queried the little fellow, "is your toes all cutted off but one?"

Little Edgar—Mamma, I guess the man who made my geography was color blind. Mamma—Why do you think so, dear?  
Little Edgar—Cause he's got Greenland painted yellow.

Little Flora—Mamma, you ain't a girl, are you?  
Mamma—Certainly not, my dear. I'm a woman.  
Little Flora—But you were a little girl, weren't you?  
Mamma—Oh, yes; years ago.

Little Flora—Well, where is the little girl now that you used to be?  
A bishop was staying with a friend in a country house. On Sunday morning, as he passed through the library, he found a small boy curled up in a big chair, deeply interested in a book.  
"Are you going to church, Tom?" he asked.  
"No, sir," he replied.  
"Why, I am," said the bishop.  
"Huh," said the boy, "you've got to go. It's your job."